

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee engag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue findg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^r preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and voves if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuifible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

Mar. Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
dore, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against y^e Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me iust.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,

While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. Operiur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash prouok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad,

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.

There did this periu'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pefant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.

By th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was posselt. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To giue me ample satisfaction

For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,

After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin,
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpen-

tine.

Cwr. He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Cwr. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbess heere.

ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit

Exit one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?

And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,

But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,

Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know

me well.

E. Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

Haue written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fath. *Dromio*, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-

uer a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue

In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne

Knowes not my feeble key of vtun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine behid

In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,

And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:

Yet hath my night of life some memorie:

My waffling lampes some fading glimmer left;

My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:

All these old witnessses, I cannot erre.

Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy

Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,

Can witnesse with me that it is not so.

I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares

Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,

During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:

I see thy age and dangers make thee dore.

Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracusa,

and Dromio Sir.

Abbess. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much

wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:

And so of these, which is the naturall man,

And which the spirit? Who decipheres them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my

heere?

Abb. Who euer

And gaine a husband

Speake olde *Egeon*,

That hadst a wife or

That bore thee at a

Oh if thou bee't th

And speake vnto th

Duke. Why heere

These two *Antipholus*

And these two *Dromio*

Besides her vrging o

These are the parent

Which accidentally

Fa. If I dreame n

If thou art she, tell m

That floated with th

Abb. By men of E

And the twin *Dromio*

But by and by, rude l

By force tooke *Dromio*

And me they left with

What then became o

I, to this fortune that

Duke. *Antipholus*

S. Ant. No sir, no

Duke. Stay, stand

E. Ant. I came fr

E. Dro. And I wit

E. Ant. Brought

Warriour,

Duke. *Menaphon*, you

Adr. Which of y

S. Ant. I, gentle M

Adr. And are not

E. Ant. No, I say

S. Ant. And so do

And this faire Gentle

Did call me brother.

I hope I shall haue lei

If this be not a dreame

Goldsmith. That is

me.

S. Ant. I thinke i

E. Ant. And you f

Gold. I thinke I did

Adr. I sent you m

By *Dromio*, but I thin

E. Dro. No, none b

S. Ant. This purse

And *Dromio* my man d

I see we still did meete

And I was tane for him

And thereupon these e

E. Ant. These Duct

Duke. It shall not n

Cwr. Sir I must haue

E. Ant. There take

cheere.

Abb. Renowned D

To go with vs into the

And heare at large disc

And all that are assem

That by this simpatiz

Haue suffer'd wrong. C